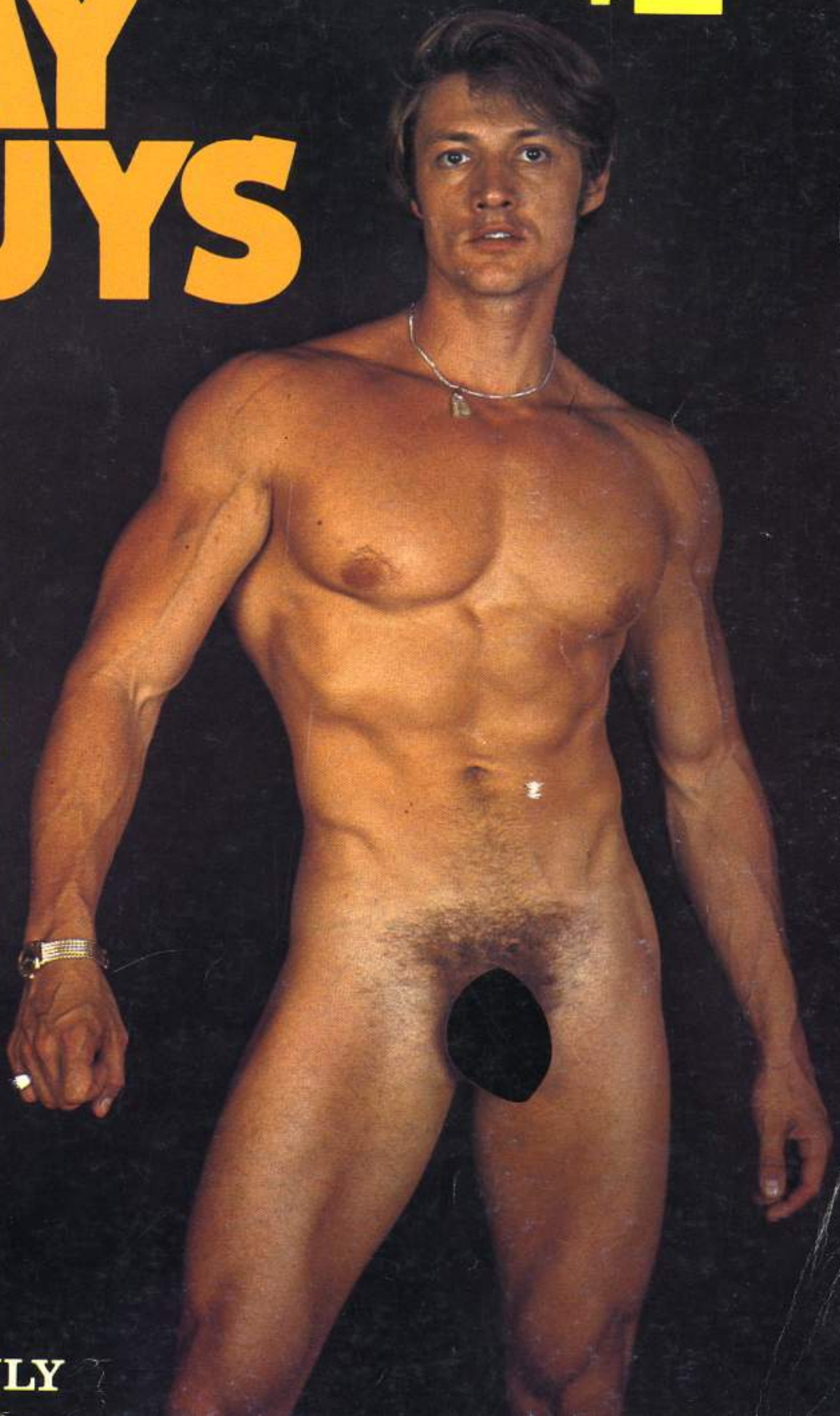
LIBRA PRESS

BOOK ONE

$2.98

GAY GUYS



MEN DOIN' IT WITH OTHER MEN!

ADULTS ONLY

GAY GUYS

Gay Guy—If you asked him he'd tell you that he's a man in all ways. The only difference between him and any other man is that his sexual preference is exclusively male.

This does not mean that the *Gay Guy* is your typical, limp-wristed stereotype, nervous, lispy and grotesquely over-effeminate. Far from it. He's as masculine as the next guy, often with many female friends. It's simply that his sexual taste dictates the hard-bodied, rough-and-tumble lovemaking of another man, rather than that of a soft-bodied, passive woman.

The *Gay Guy* does not dress up like a woman, nor does he think of himself in any way that is feminine. He may even project more apparent masculinity than the average man around him.

He is not a sissy. Quite the contrary. He is the lifestyle-ancestor of the men of Sparta, 2,000 years ago.

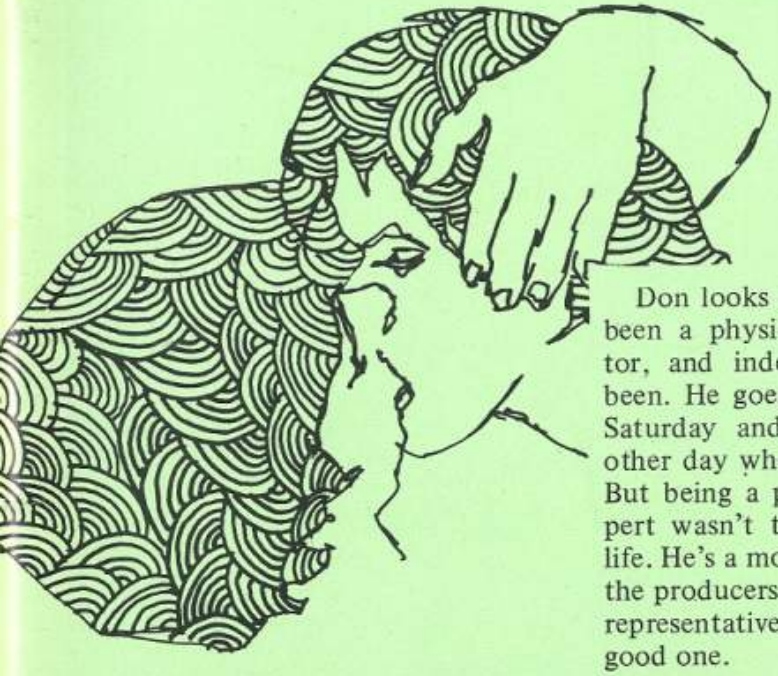
Spartan men were perfect in every sense of the masculine. They were all top athletes with the bodies such rigorous devotion endows. They were men's men: handsome, jovial, unafraid of hand-to-hand combat just for the sheer fun of it, as has always been the way of men among men. They were fierce fighters and passionate lovers. And it is no wonder they chose from among themselves the persons upon whom they would bestow that love.

Rather than being less than men, the Spartans were perhaps the *most* men who ever lived.

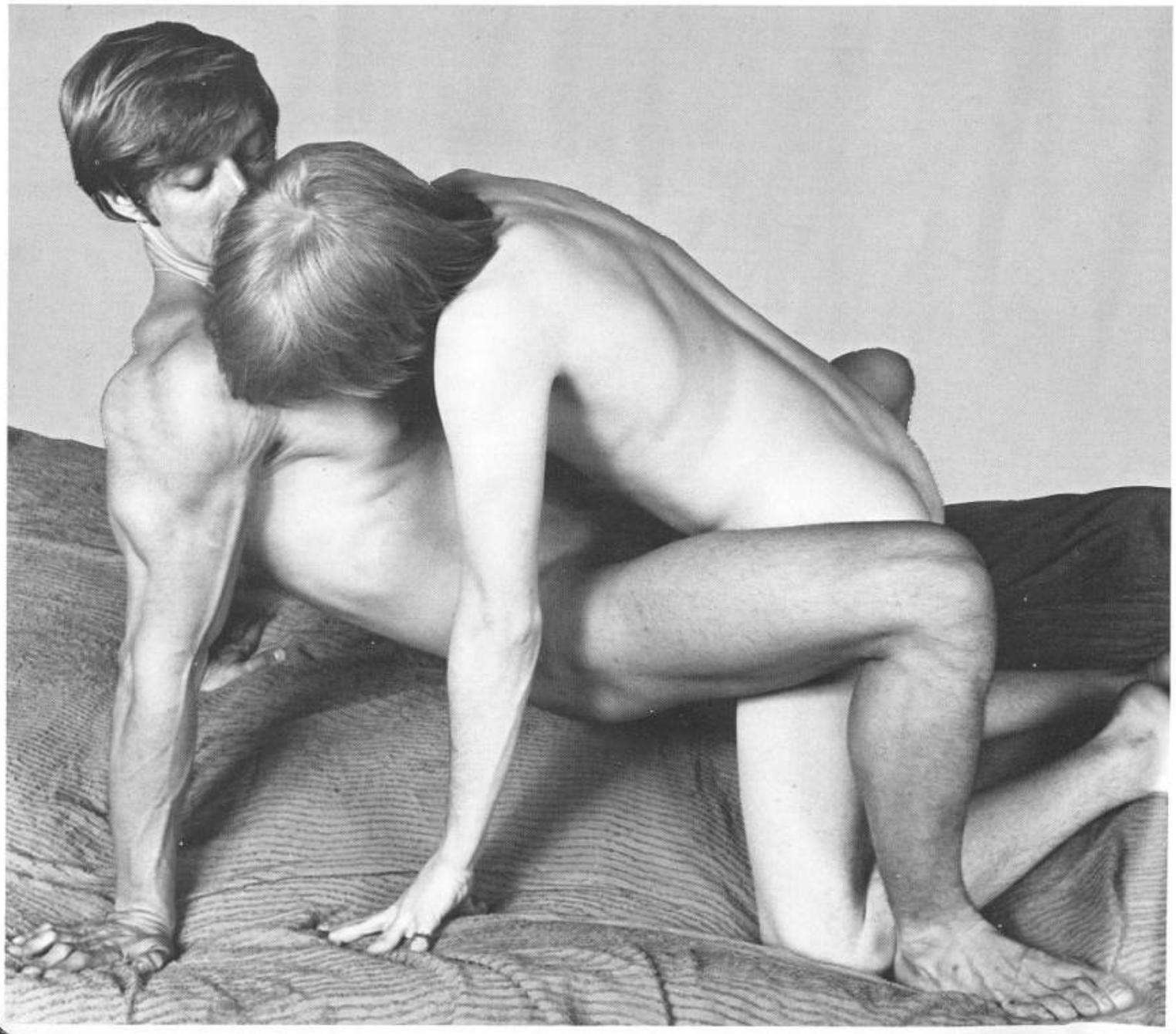
And so it is with *Gay Guys*. They are not simpering faggots, but men with differing tastes in sexual companionship. Look through the pages that follow and you'll see what we mean. . . .

Published by Libra Press, 5585 W. Pico Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., 90019 for mature adults . . . as a pictorial representation of phases and mores of our contemporary society. This publication must not be reproduced in whole or in part without the written permission of the publisher. All photos posed by professional models and any similarity between real persons and characters depicted is purely coincidental. Editorial content is not to be construed as descriptive or to condone any action.

STUNTS.....



Don looks like he should have been a physical culture instructor, and indeed he could have been. He goes to the gym every Saturday and Sunday and any other day when he isn't working. But being a physical culture expert wasn't to be his calling in life. He's a movie stunt man. And the producers as well as his union representatives say he's a damned good one.

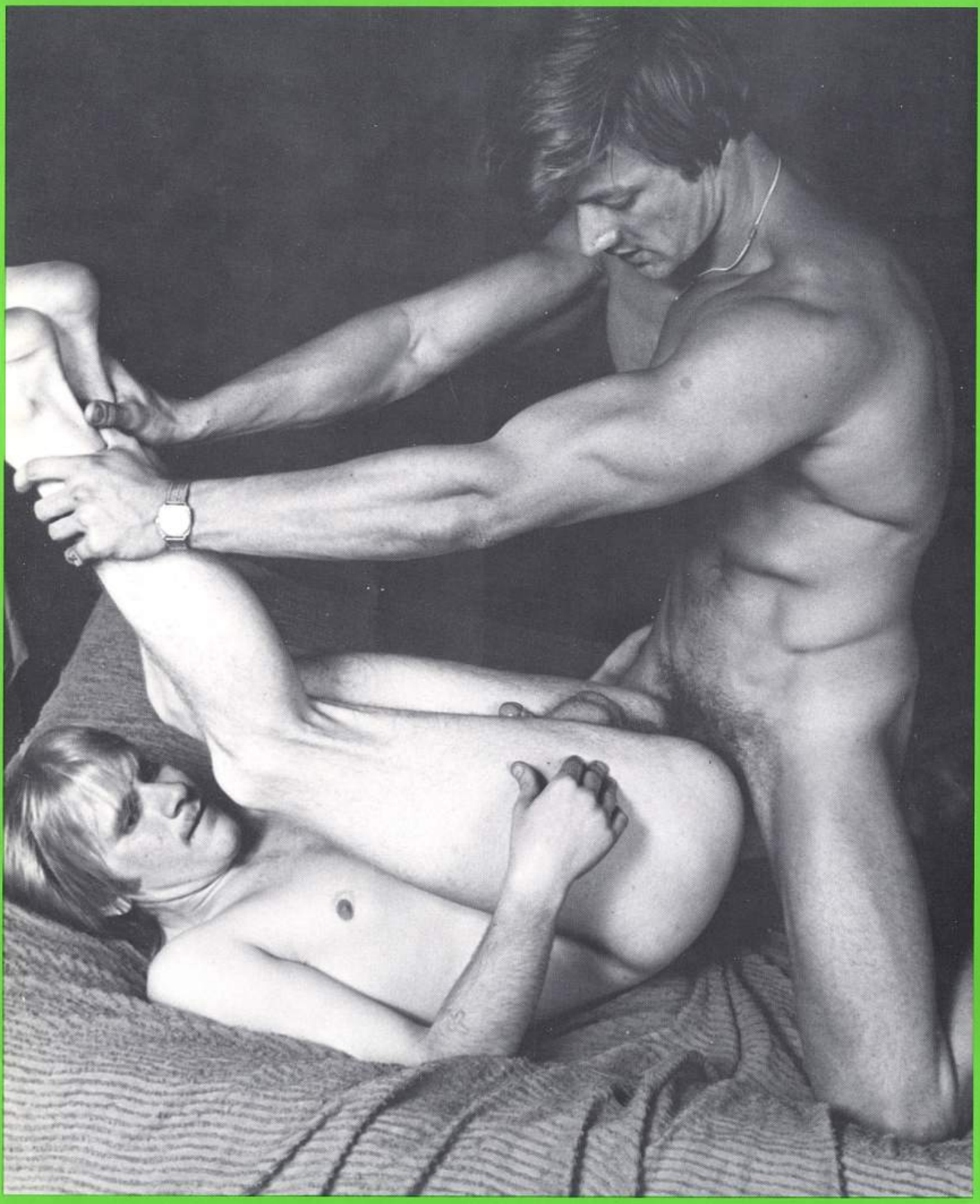


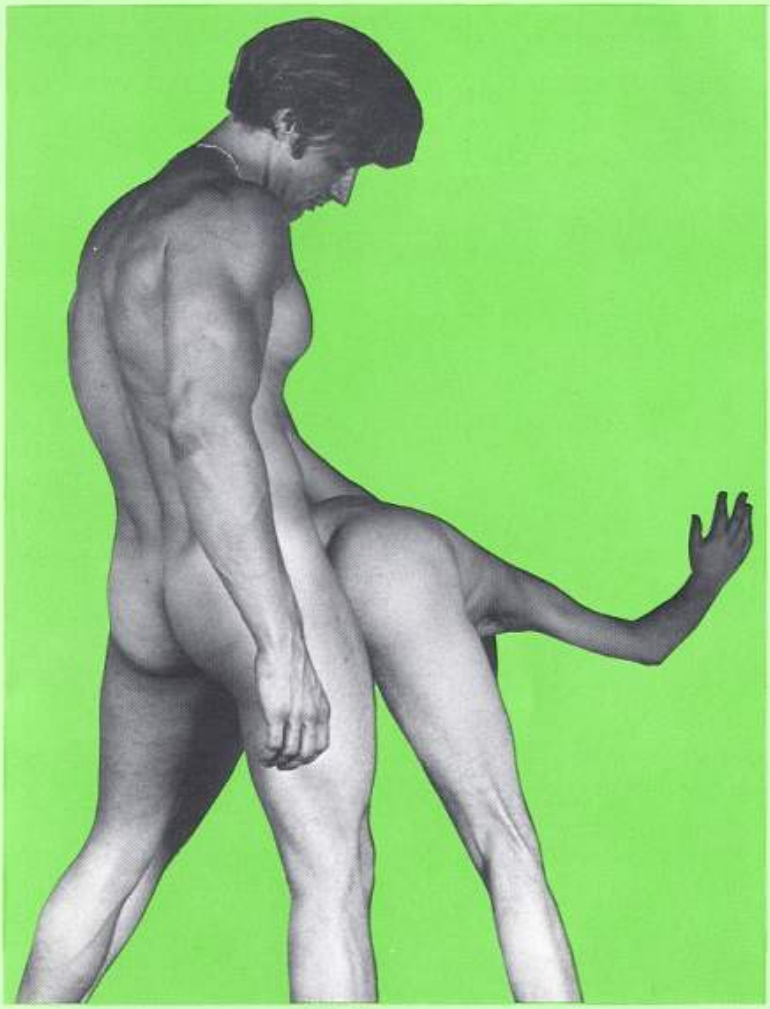
Linda (he was born with another name but prefers Linda and has it tattooed on his arm) on the other hand has a more delicate body. Although he prefers being the *femme* in the affairs he wishes he were a bit more rugged of body. That's why he supports a scant mustache, he thinks it takes some of the girlish qualities from his appearance, especially at work. He's the only male file clerk in the personnel department of an insurance company.

The boys met some time ago at a *GAY* party, hit it off and moved in together. That was just over six months ago and they show no signs of emotional fatigue as yet. It is a well known fact in their kind of life that most participants are fickle and the relationship seldom lasts six months in any one situation. But these boys feel right at home with each other.

Don is out of town quite a bit of the time which may account for some of the relationship values. They haven't been together enough to really get on each other's nerves. And Linda really does love and adore his Adonis of a he-man. There is nothing he wouldn't do for Don if the big fellow were to ask. He could even ask the impossible and Linda would at least attempt some kind of an accomplishment. Don likes people who try. He can't stand being around criers or those who are always saying, "I can't do that." This come from the basis in which he lives and works. Many producers have asked him to perform nearly the impossible, but he's never shaken his head in doubt. The Producer wants some difficult stunt and Don works it out to perfection every time.

Don's come up with some pretty good stunts of his own when he and Linda confront each other naked and prepared for whatever they have in mind doing. Conventional modes of





operation soon become boring in any affair, so they are always attempting new and different positions. But Don was at the highest point of happiness when Linda came up with a position he liked to call *the crab.* Now there was one he invented all by himself and Don couldn't have been more proud.

Actually it was only a variation of the age old sixty-nine position but with a lot more usage of the arms, legs and head. But the positions they were able to get into. Now, of course, they are attempting to make the *crab even crabbier.* It's a sure fire bet that they will too.

Linda also has another quirk which Don likes. Linda writes him a letter every night that he is away and tells him all the things they will do together when he gets home. The letters are never mailed however. But Don reads them with heated relish when he

operation soon become boring in any affair, so they are always attempting new and different positions. But Don was at the highest point of happiness when Linda came up with a position he liked to call *the crab*. Now there was one he invented all by himself and Don couldn't have been more proud.

Actually it was only a variation of the age old sixty-nine position but with a lot more usage of the arms, legs and head. But the positions they were able to get into. Now, of course, they are attempting to make the *crab even crabbier*. It's a sure fire bet that they will too.

Linda also has another quirk which Don likes. Linda writes him a letter every night that he is away and tells him all the things they will do together when he gets home. The letters are never mailed however. But Don reads them with heated relish when he

does get home. And Linda simply sits back and waits anxiously, remembering all the words he had put together for this particular period of enjoyment.

But soon the words are all read and the fire of those words have been retained by both. Then there is a quick shower in which both participate at the same time.... Like you scrub my back and I'll scrub yours, then they are alone in their semi-dark bedroom and there is no more pretending. That's when the real thing comes on. That's when the stunts become serious and directly to the point. *Butch* over *femme* is the order of the day. And there is no mistaking which is which. Actually this is also fact even before the affairs start. But the affairs, the real thing, proves it even more so.

Their small window looks out over the ocean and the soft, cool breeze which comes in over the waters brings on a healthy feeling for both of them as their body heats threaten to melt their very senses. This is one spot neither of them want to ever move from. Water front homes are difficult to find today. More and more people are looking toward the sea as their future. In that sense the boys really have got it made.

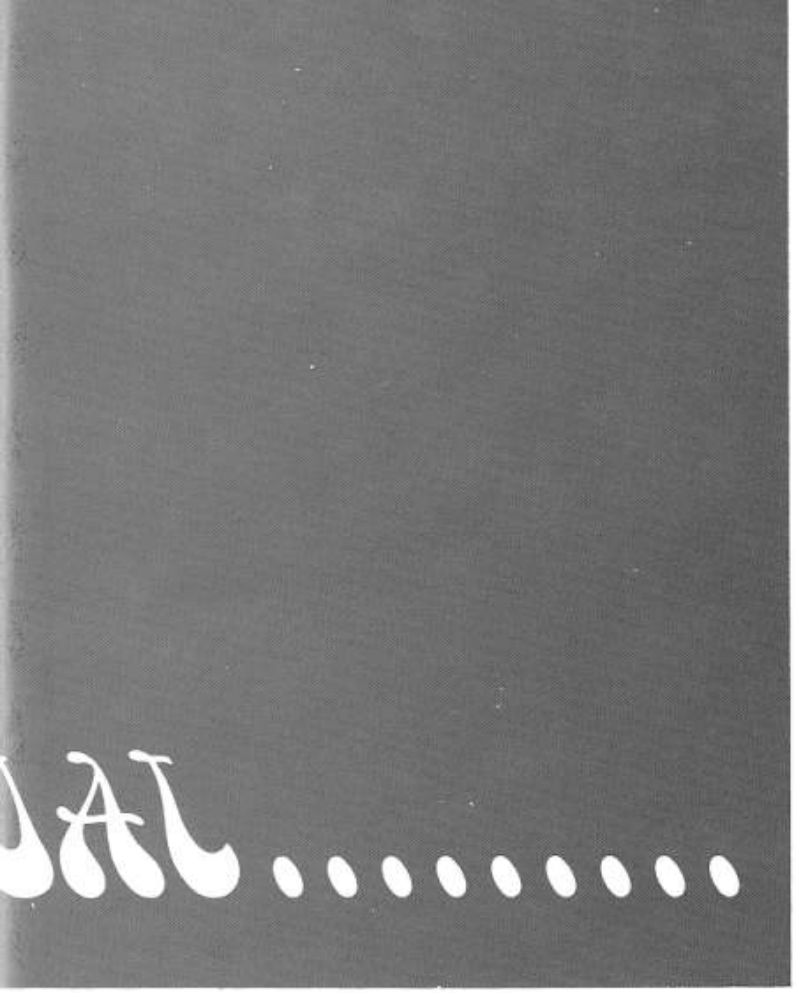
They have each other and they have their beach-front house and they both have jobs. They can't think of anything else in this world that they could want, except Linda would like to get a better car. It's a long drive from Santa Monica to downtown Los Angeles, on the freeway, every-day.

the potential HOMOSEX

Everyone is a potential homosexual. However, being raised in a heterosexual-oriented society, we are much more potentially heterosexual. Realizing the nature of this potential can reduce many problems and prejudices about homosexuality.

Everyone passes through one, and possibly two, distinctly homosexual phases during his childhood. In boys, there is a period, usually between the ages of eight and twelve, where they develop a fondness for their own sex that almost borders on intimacy. And this is coupled with an aversion to girls. Of course, if everything goes all right during puberty, these views rapidly change. In some men there is a second homosexual phase which they encounter later on in life, especially if they are athletically inclined, and this is the intimate camraderie that many teammates find with one another, a camraderie that sometimes finds more overt expression in the shower room or locker room.

Many young people today, are more candid with themselves in responding to homosexual urges. They simply do it, and then make up their minds as to whether or not they like it. Usually they are repulsed by their experience, but not for reasons of guilt. They are repulsed by their homosexual experience in comparing it to their heterosexual experiences, and it is this unconscious comparison that usually averts any further homosexual encounters in the future. This is a much healthier approach



than that of the preceding generations, wherein the homosexual urge was repressed and allowed to fester and grow out of all sane proportions.

Historically, the male invert has always held a very isolated and unique station in the collective consciousness of any society. He is either highly esteemed, as in Ancient Greece, or roundly condemned, as in Nineteenth Century America. His is rarely an anomaly that the average man-on-the-street has no opinion about, never a peculiarity that only merits a shrug of the shoulders or a look of indifference.

On the contrary, the response is either a guarded endorsement, or an outrageous condemnation. This attitude seems to stand apart from other sexual digressions in this regard. For instance, no one seems to get wildly excited about fetishists or masochists or sadists or frotteurs or even lesbians. In fact, very few people would even take note of two women holding hands, or embracing one another, since it is taken for granted that this is in women's nature.

This is certainly not the case with the male homosexual, not that there is that much open display of affection among them anyway, although society's stereotype of the "queer" has him walking with a mincing gait, limp wristed, lisping as he talks in a shrill falsetto, and accosting every "decent" heterosexual male on the street.

The truth is that very few male homosexuals have these effeminate mannerisms, only some of the passive types, which is to say those homosexuals who assume the submissive "womanly" role in a homophile relationship. The vast majority of male homosexuals look and act like any other men. A homosexual is usually the result of a pleasure pattern that eventually becomes comfortable to live with. In this type of sexuality, many of its devotees report that there are definite patterns of behavior and things to do when enjoying the company of another. Many young boys who become involved with a homosexual and gradually come to accept that type of sex as what they want, mainly because of the patterns of pleasure that they can enjoy and adhere to, remain homosexual in nature without every learning whether this is their true nature. And there are many cases now on record of young men who were quite devoted to homosexuality and changed once they got to the point where they could enjoy heterosexual experiences, too.

Some psychologists have taken the point of view that the pleasure male homosexuals find is understandable on a physiological basis only, and that there is no emotional pleasure to be found beyond their sexual contacts. As was mentioned, they have only fellatio, anal intercourse, or masturbation as means of providing them with the reasons for staying together. For the most part this is quite accurate, since most homosexual relationships are very short-lived. But there is another school of thought which suggests that the male in a homosexual relationship who uses his penis is more understandable than his passive partner. His penis is sucked, or it is inserted in the anus of his passive partner, and so it is used in a manner resembling heterosexual coitus. The passive partner, on the other hand, is felt to be less understandable, since his mouth is not ideally suited to accommodate an erect penis, nor is his anus.

Although people are obviously more broad-minded and sexually tolerant today, there is still a predominantly negative attitude toward homosexuality. The homosexual is still generally non-acceptable in society. Because of that, many must literally live a double life; they present a normal, or heterosexual image to the public while at work, but in their social and sexual life, they assume their homosexual roles.

Also, there is no structured family life for the homosexual—there are no rituals of marriage, no possibility of children, and no ritual of divorce. While many homosexuals, both male and female, "marry" and live happily together for years—sometimes even for a whole lifetime—there is still no legal adhesive nor social adhesive, no structure for their existence. Then too, because homosexuality is still illegal in many states, the homosexual is

prey to individuals who would take advantage of him for their own purposes.

The freer atmosphere generated by the sexual revolution has doubtless altered the concept of homosexuality—male and female—in many people's minds. Generally speaking, people are becoming more tolerant and understanding of the homosexual. Whether this is the result of their own sexual enlightenment, or the result of a recognition of their own homosexual potentialities—is not clear. What is clear, however, is the fact that the more tolerant and understanding the attitude toward homosexuals—noticeable mostly in the major metropolitan areas like Los Angeles and New York City—the less problematic the homosexual becomes to himself and to his society. After all, one of the biggest producers of psychoses in anyone heterosexual or homosexual, is ostracism. In America, up until the present generation, ostracism has been the plight of the homosexual, a fate, which for many individuals, is worse than all the "legal" punishment a society could administer.

Unfortunately, many homosexuals still seek refuge for ostracism by marrying a person of the opposite sex. Usually their intention in marrying a woman is well-directed. This is their way of curbing or curtailing their homosexuality. They are generally men who are ashamed of their plight, and they believe that if they tie themselves down with a wife and family, they will so become conditioned to a heterosexual way of life.

Most of these marriages usually end on a very sour note. The man proves to be sexually inadequate with his wife, and ultimately takes to sneaking out with other men. Divorce is the only answer.

There are also many men who never think of having a homosexual experience until years after they are married. Some sexologists would have us believe that since these men are married and have had children by their wives, they are not homosexual but bisexual, pointing out that the true invert is incapable of erection and consequent ejaculation with a member of the opposite sex; that they have only repugnance for normal heterosexual coitus, just as the heterosexual expresses only loathing for acts of a homosexual nature.

There is, however, one kind of marriage between a woman and a homosexual that usually works. The marriage between a male homosexual and a female homosexual frequently works out for the simple reason that they share a common ground insofar as their sexuality is concerned. There is an understanding and rapport between them that very few people ever come by so naturally; consequently they make very few demands upon each other sexually.

There has been much argument lately as to whether a true homosexual relationship is as good as a heterosexual one. In an article in *Sexology Magazine,* the question was asked: "Is 'Gay' as good as 'Straight'?"

Doctor E. Sagarin answered with an emphatic "No!" "Homosexuality narrows the choice that one can make in deciding whether to have a family; it is frequently a symptom of or a cause of sex-role confusion; it often involves an endless pursuit of the unattainable in romance and love."

Sagarin also added that homosexuality is often "accompanied by a pattern of compulsive and continuous . . . partner-changing and sexuality under furtive conditions." He maintains that men quickly become jaded to this kind of sex, that lovers come and go too quickly to develop any kind of interpersonal relationship, that forms of sadomasochism often evolve, and that self-destructive instincts take over.

Dr. F. Kameny refutes this argument, and then tells why homosexuality is indeed as good as heterosexuality.

"Ours is a pluralistic society based upon freedom of choice and the right of each individual to the pursuit of his own happiness. More than that, ours is a society which gains in vigor, and properly exults in the richness derived from encouragement of the individuality and diversity of those who compose it. It is a society with minimal effort (in theory, at least) to force its members into any particular molds, either by compulsion or by persuasion."

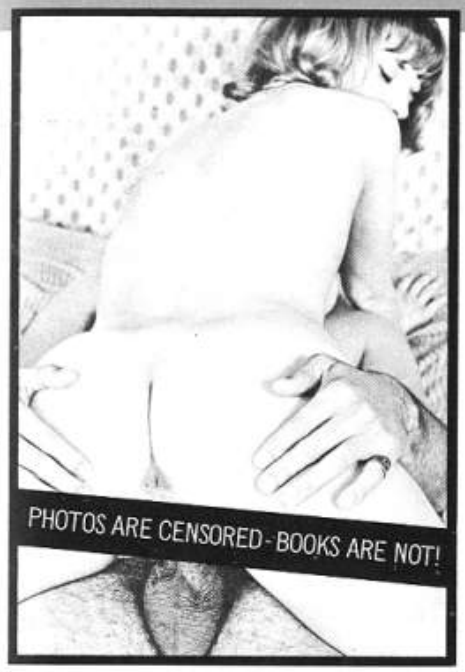
Certainly, this latter opinion seems to be the most rational in lieu of today's knowledge of homosexuality. Psychologists, psychiatrists and other clinicists generally agree that there are as many moral arguments for and against inverted sex as there are causes of its existence. Early researches felt that homosexuality was innate and that little or nothing could be done to effect a cure. Others attributed it to the environment, heredity, excessive masturbation, etc. There are authorities today who regard oral-genital sex as especially homosexual, even though there are countless cases of heterosexual couples who maintain that they also enjoy oral stimulation.

Modern theorists have, for the most part, discarded many of these superstitions and misconceptions. But their own conditioned prejudices still won't allow them to see two rather obvious factors about male homosexuality: first, it is not a pathological behavior until society makes it so by condemning and ostracizing individuals of this sexual bent; and, second, homosexuality is a potential in all of us.

Acknowledgement of this second factor, in particular, should be enough to generate at least some sympathy for the modern plight of the homosexual, if not a degree of understanding.

OVER 1000 DETAILED PHOTOS IN COLOR & BLACK & WHITE

SHOWN BELOW, JUST A COUPLE OF THE PHOTOS FROM THESE 16 BIG VOLUMES!



FREE!
WITH EACH ORDER
PRIVATELY PRINTED ADULT FILMS, MAGAZINES AND BOOKS CATALOG.

A MAJOR BREAKTHROUGH!

sex education for adults

...WITHOUT CENSORSHIP

THE COMPLETE SEXUAL ENCYCLOPEDIA THAT COVERS EVERY ASPECT OF SEXUAL KNOWLEDGE & INFORMATION

At last! Complete sexual understanding is yours with these new, completely uncensored, photographically illustrated, detailed studies of sexual behavior. Over 1000 photographs — in FULL COLOR and black and white, vividly illustrate by picture and word contemporary techniques and habits, including informative text and photos of deviant sexual behavior, exotic practices and positions. Each volume contains over 160 pages!

MANY ADULTS DEPRIVE THEMSELVES OF TRUE SEXUAL FULFILLMENT BECAUSE THEY ARE UNINFORMED...NO QUESTIONS ARE LEFT UNANSWERED! NOTHING IS OMITTED. NOTHING IS LEFT OUT!

- ( ) 901 EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO SEE AND READ ABOUT LOVE & SEX, Vol. 1 - 9
- ( ) 902 EVERYTHING YOU WANTED TO SEE AND READ ABOUT LOVE & SEX, Vol. 2 - 9
- ( ) 102 CONTRACEPTION - PRACTICES AND METHODS - 9.95
- ( ) 104 SEXUAL FETISHES - 9.95
- ( ) 100 SCANDINAVIAN SEX HABITS - 9.95
- ( ) 095 GROUP SEX - 9.95
- ( ) 105 ORGIES AND TROILISM - 9.95
- ( ) 106 THE LESBIAN, THE HOMOSEXUAL, THE BI-SEXUAL - 9.95
- ( ) 098 SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND TECHNIQUES, Vol. 1 - 9.95
- ( ) 099 SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND TECHNIQUES, Vol. 2 - 9.95
- ( ) 093 SEX FOODS AND SEX AIDS - 9.95
- ( ) 802 GENITALIA AND INTERCOURSE - 9.95
- ( ) 801 FELLATIO AND CUNNILINGUS - 9.95
- ( ) 097 BLACK SEXUAL HABITS AND TECHNIQUES - 9.95
- ( ) 094 SADO-MASOCHISM - 9.95
- ( ) 096 EROGENOUS ZONES - 9.95

EXTRA SAVINGS...PLUS FREE BONUS BOOK!
ORDER NOW AND SAVE UP TO $24.50!!

( ) Any 2 volumes - 17.50 (you save 2.40) ( ) Any 6 volumes - 47.50 (you save 12.20
( ) Any 4 volumes - 32.50 (you save 7.30) ( ) Any 8 volumes - 62.50 (you save 17.10
( ) ANY 10 VOLUMES - 75.00 (you save 24.50) PLUS FREE BONUS BOOK! (your choice)

THE BOOK BIN, Inc. P.O. Box 1147 - Atlanta, Ga. 30301

IMPORTANT NOTICE! All blanks in coupon must be completed before we can mail your order.

Gentlemen: RUSH THE BOOKS I HAVE CHECKED TO:

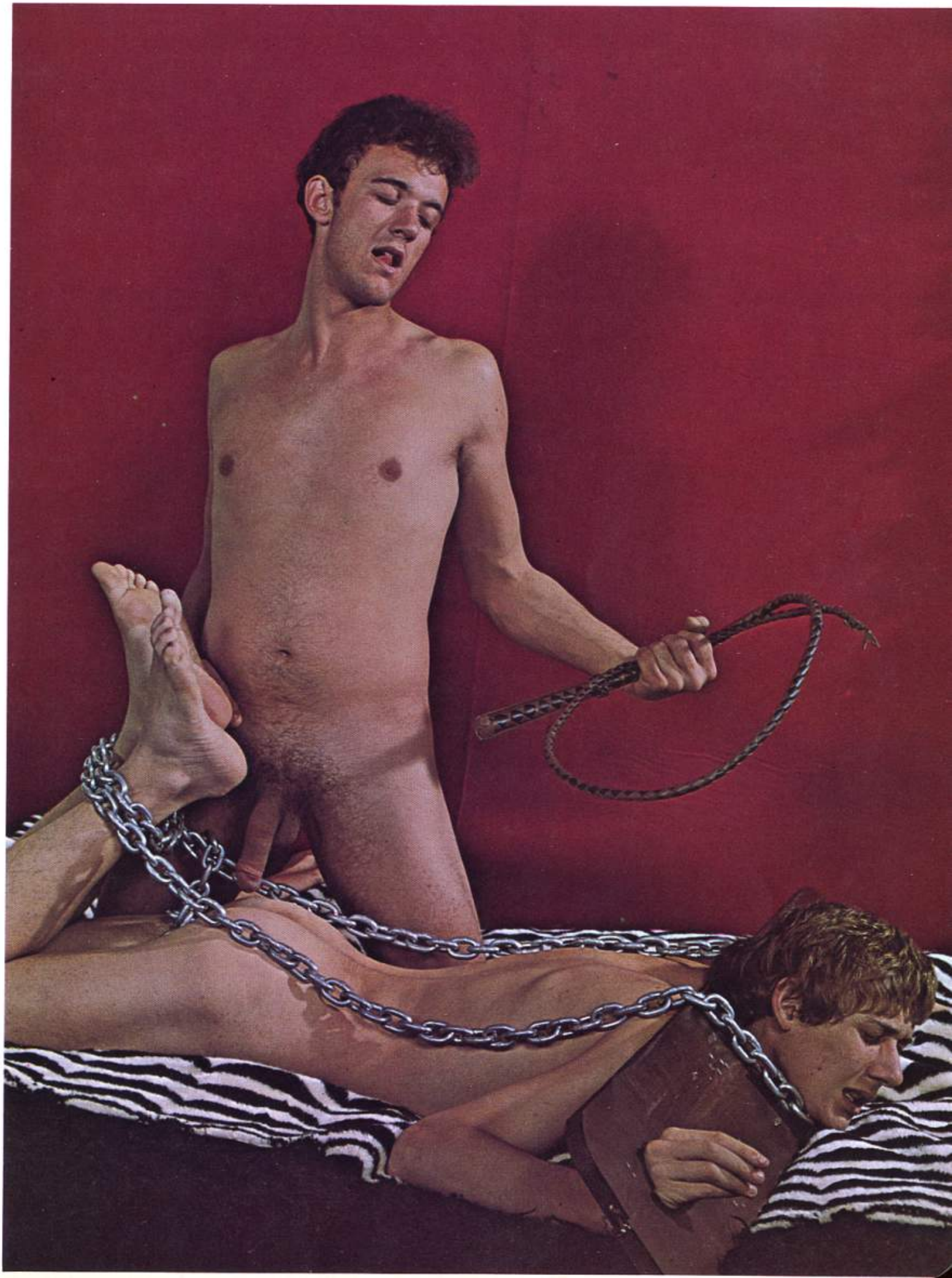
Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

1. I am an adult, 21 years of age, or over. 2. I believe that an adult person has the right to buy and read, in the privacy of his home publications dealing intimately with sexual relations and nudity, which I consider to be private matters. 3. I understand that I have the right as a law abiding citizen to receive for my own private use any material of interest to me. I desire to exercise this right and agree not to resell any material I receive from Book Bin, and not to make such material available to minors. 4. I affirm, by my signature, that I desire to receive brochures from The Book Bin advising me of the material available for purchase

Dated_____ Signature_____ I am_____ years of age.



FARMED OUT.....

Affairs between men might be found in any and all walks of life. One of the most far out groups we might consider is the migrant farm worker. But then when we get right down to it, why not? If a male is attracted to another male he can be found anywhere. And like in prison or other dormitory facilities where men are thrown together for long periods of time and there is no women readily available, the male to male relationship can be brought to the foreground quite readily.

That is the case between Remy and Carlos who met nearly three years ago in the middle west when they were going from farm to farm, orchard to orchard. Both seemed to turn up at the same spots where the picking was good and they became quite friendly. Naturally at first neither wanted to let on to the other that they were mentally and physically attracted to each other. In fact they attempted staying aloof for a long time. But both had another quirk in their makeup which was to bring them finally together.

Remy came upon Carlos as he was practicing the art of snapping his bull whip. Even the sound of the whip turned Remy on and Carlos, who was sadistically inclined, found himself getting overheated. He wanted to use the whip on Remy and finally in an overly excited passion he did. Remy screamed and yelled in delight. That did it! They knew where they stood and from there on out it was no coincidence that Remy and Carlos turned up on the same job. They traveled together. And because they felt a tremendous jealousy for each other they no longer lived in the dormitories. They al-

ways rented a small shack near the farms or the orchards where they could be alone. Men of this breed are generally extremely rugged men and both feared that if they were found out in the kind of sex life they led that the others sex starved workers might make them the butt of a gang bang. Masochistically that might have been a thrill for Remy, but Carlos knew he was capable of inflicting tremendous harm on anyone who attempted such dealings.

By nature Carlos is a soft spoken, even tempered man. It is only when his sex life is affected that the purple blood of anger pulsed through his veins. He was the protector, and it was only he who should deal out any punishment.

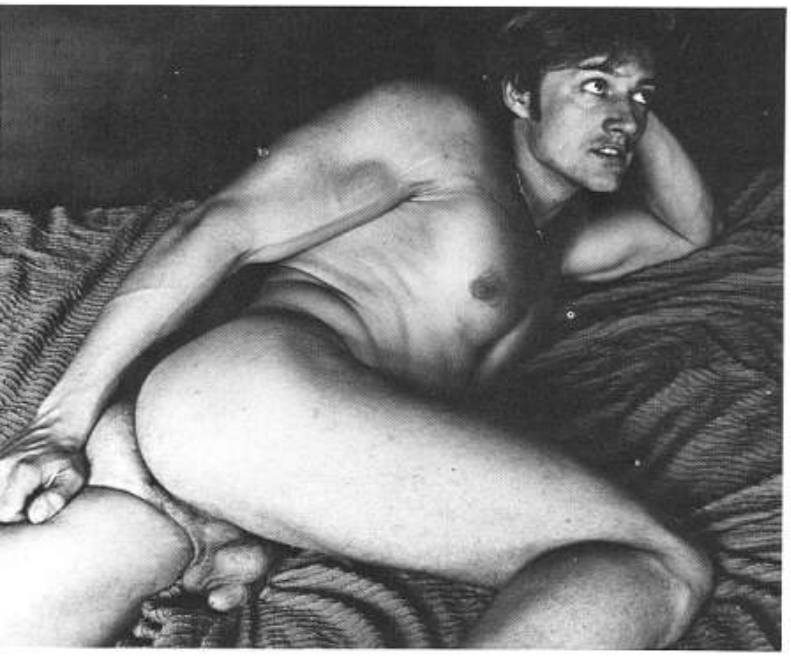
However the boys have an interesting and satisfying relationship and because they live as one their money goes much further and where once it was chili and beans six times a week, now they can afford a steak quite often, and it is easy to rent the small shacks which they do. With two pay checks, as small as they are, the price is right and they have their freedom and secret affairs.

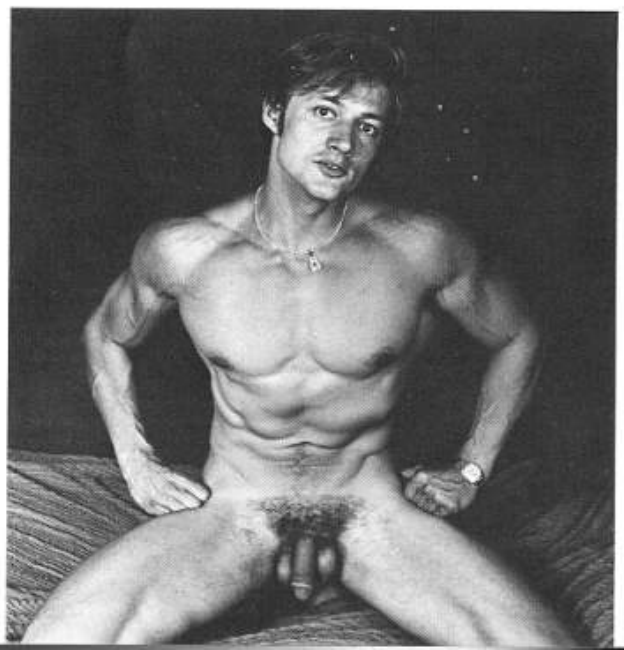
Another interesting point to their affair is that neither will take on a job if the other is not hired. That has only happened once because there is a general weakness in the ranks of the migrant farm worker today.

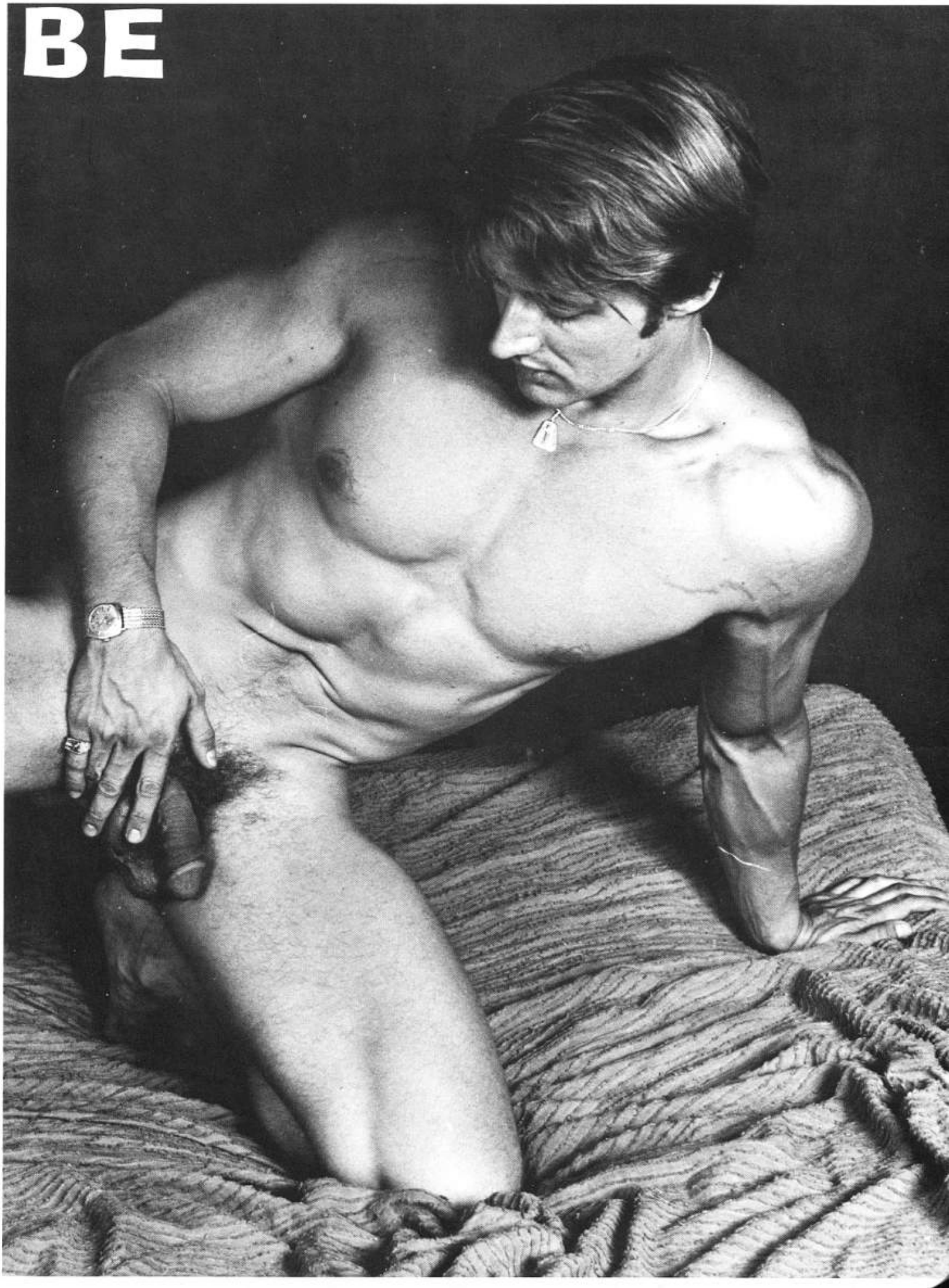
MR. AMERICA COULD

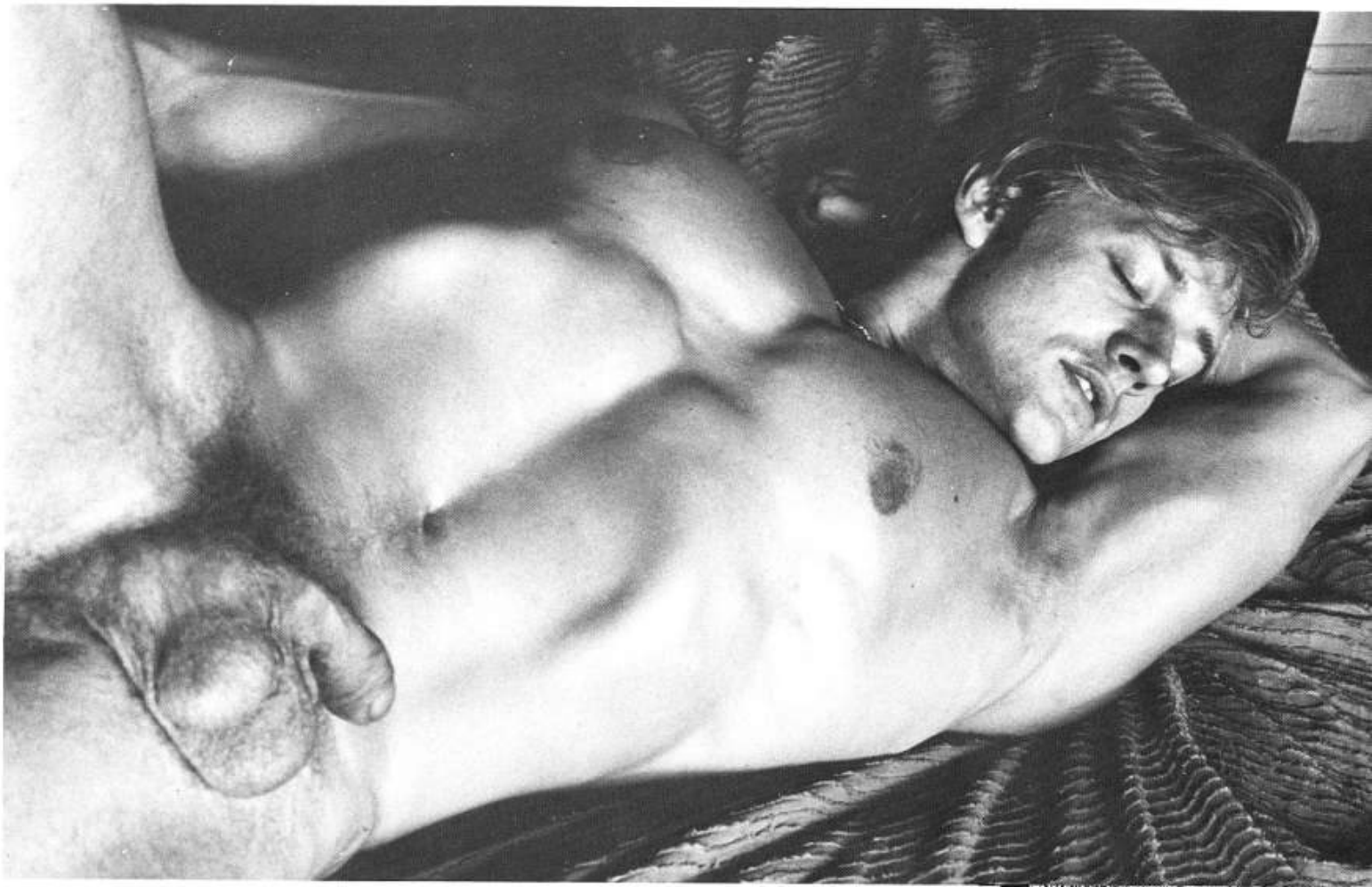
Although Don, whom we have met earlier in these writings, doesn't want to be a physical culture teacher, he would like to be considered for the Mr. America lineup. For the past two years, since he has come of age for entering, he's found himself much too busy, tied up with his motion picture stunt work. The producers are crying for his services because he's that good at the job. He's creative in his approach to any stunt, and he has found measures which bring all the dangerous risks to a minimum. . . . A guy like that can make any producer happy even if it is only to lowering the insurance rates.

However he swares that the next time candidates are selected he's going to be right up there in the front row. And to watch those hard, rippling muscles no judge is ever going to put this guy into any background. And we predict when the finals come about he's got a better than average chance of making the final, first line. There are a lot of muscle men around, but few who



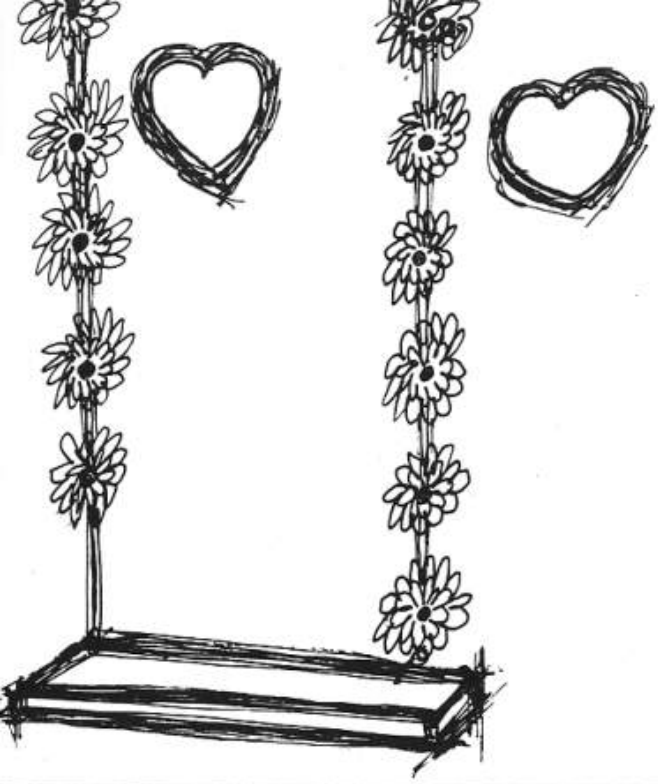



BE



have attained the perfection Do has. His constant exercises at th gym and the type of work whic he does keep him in a top physi cal condition as these picture prove.

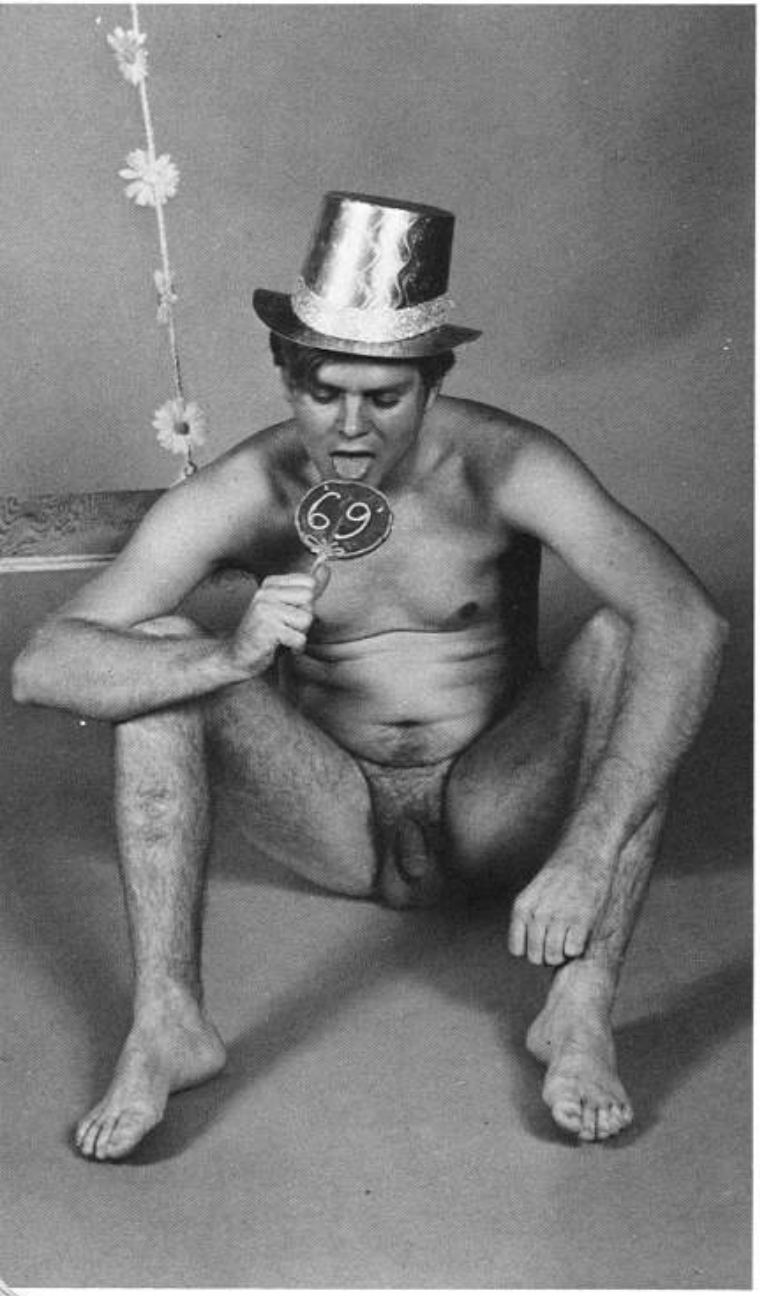
Gaze at these accompanyin photographs, study them yo would be muscle men all aroun the world, then sit back and ea your heart out.

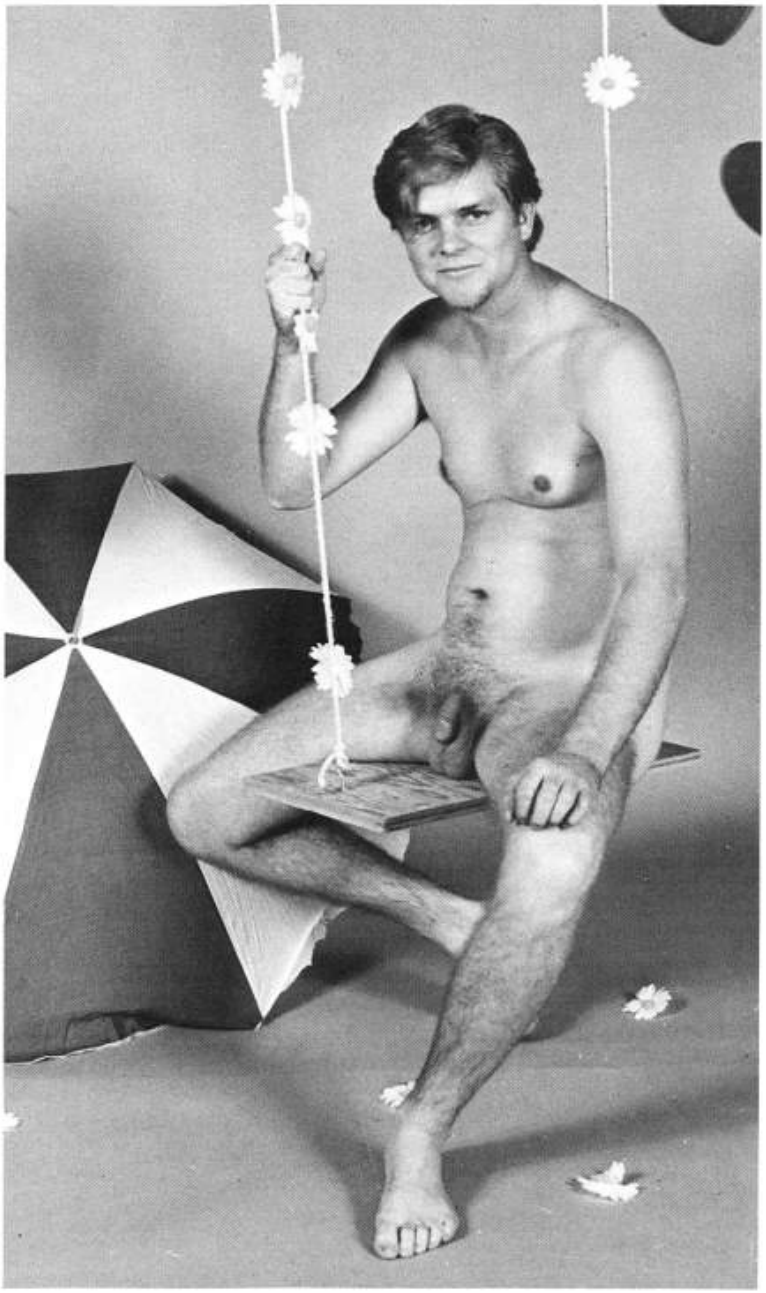


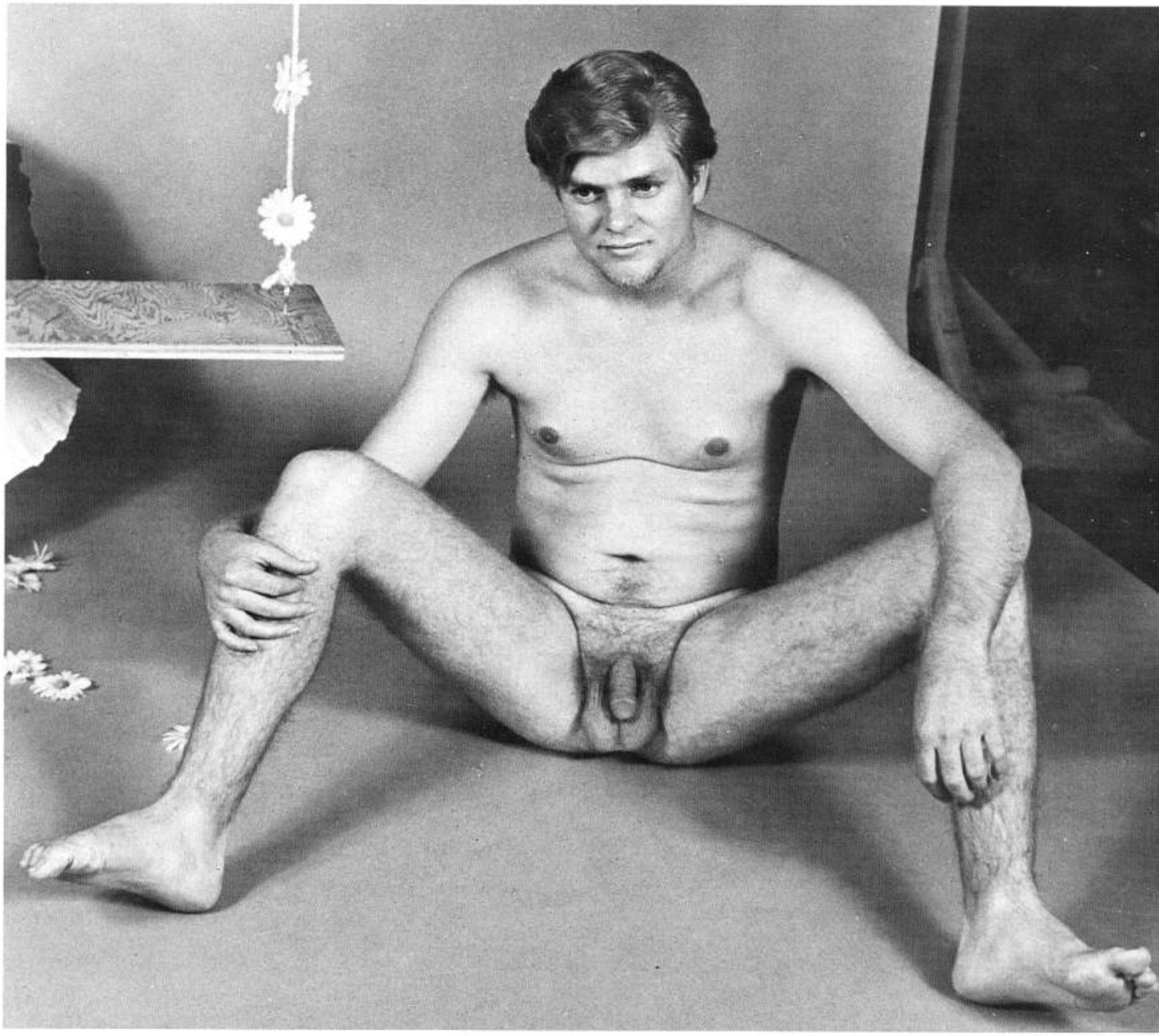
69 SOLLY.....

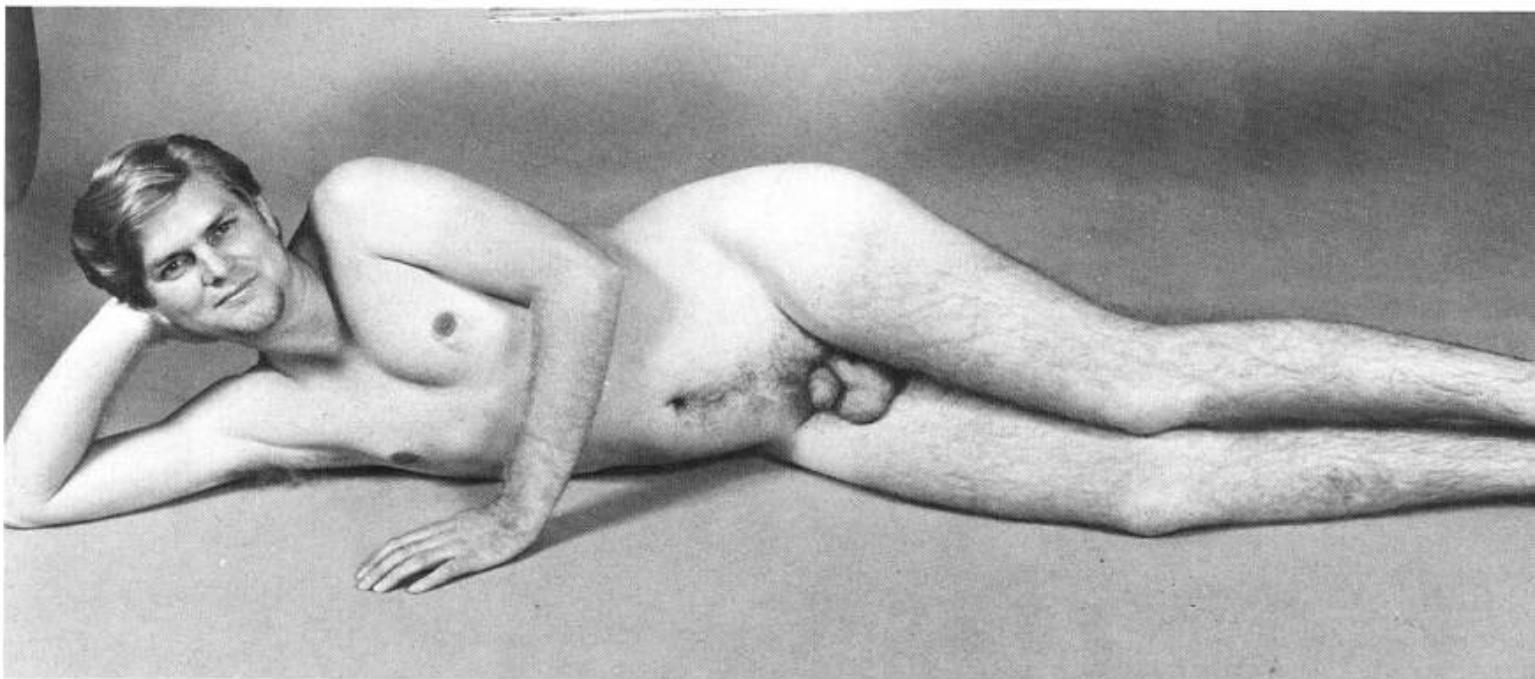
Sixty-nine Solly is a very lonely young fellow who has only recently migrated to the west coast from a small northern New York State town. He knew only two of his kind in the entire area and felt there must be much better pickings in one of the larger cities. And since he can't stand the cold which is produced in New York State during the fall and winter months he decided upon Southern California.

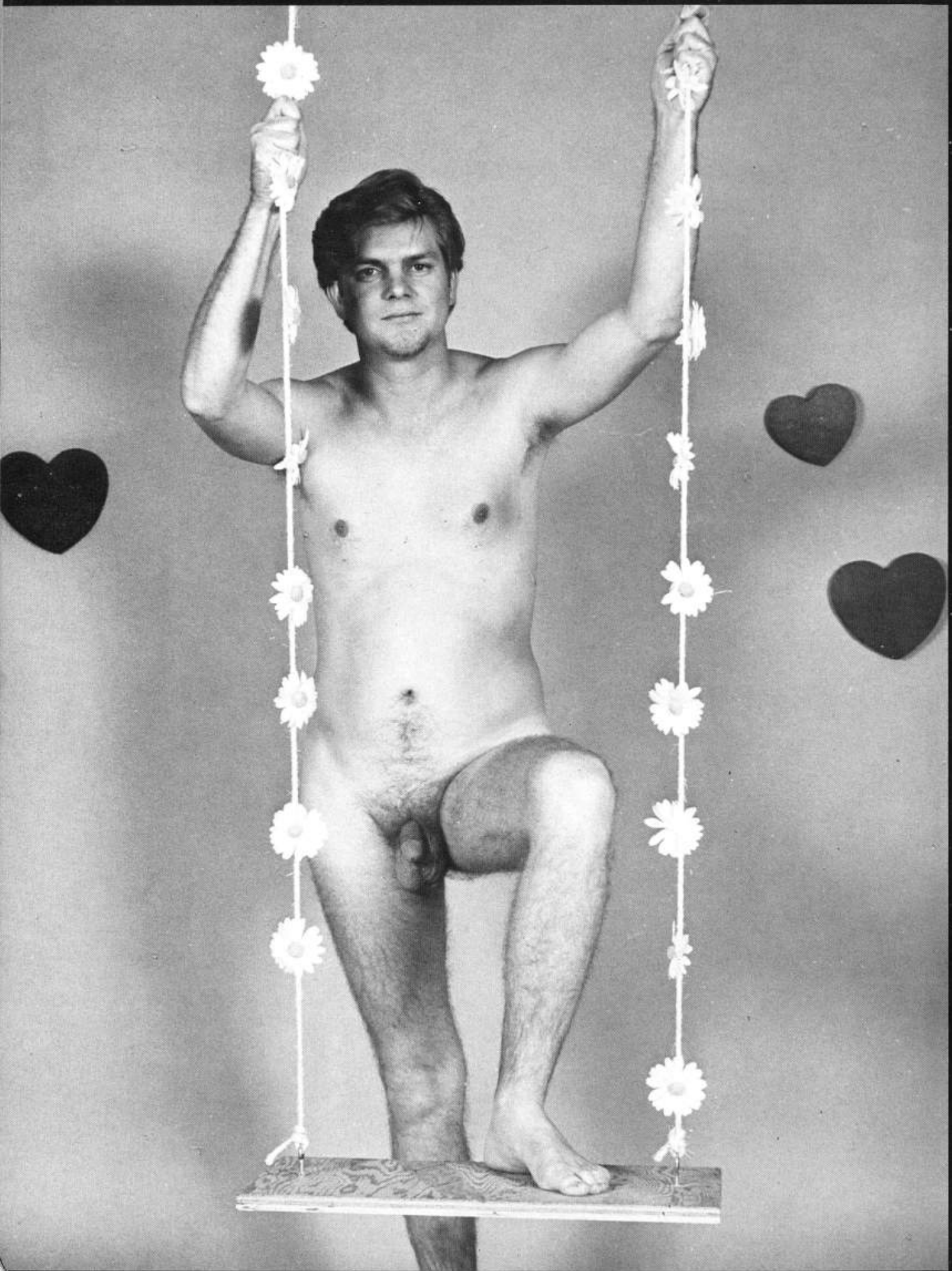
But there he sits in his small Southern California room a very

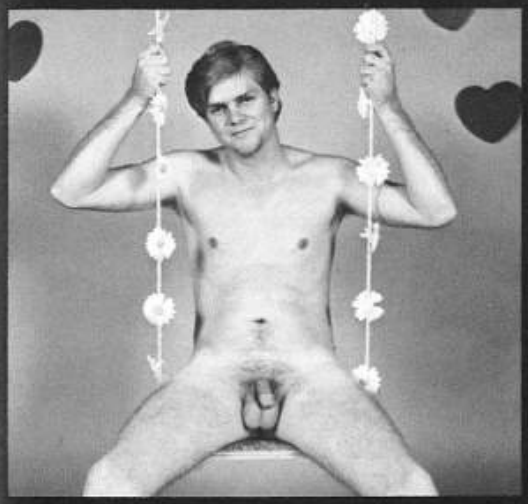








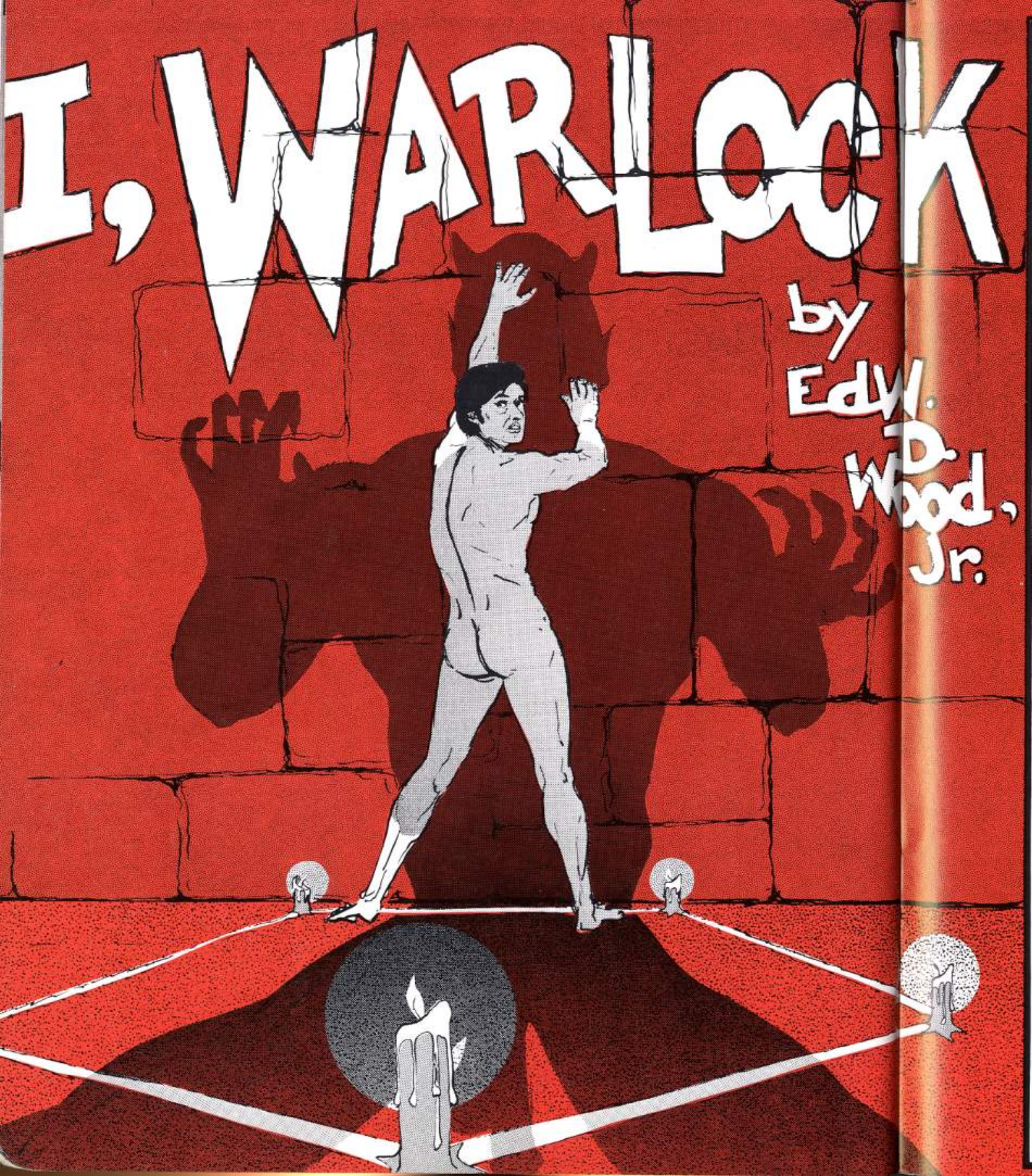




lonely fellow. He had this set of pictures taken by a professional photographer and has submitted them in hopes that he will find someone who can love him . . . at least be friendly. He notes rather strongly that he is the passive type. But he doesn't want to be contacted by any of the *rough trade*. He met up with a few of them on street corners like Hollywood and Vine and Sunset and La Cienega and he feels he barely got out of the situation with his life . . . lucky for him.

The daisies on the swing, he tells, denotes that he has always heard about daisy chain affairs and this is of tremendous interest to his young mind and body. It would be the high light of his life if he could only make such a connection. And he further states that as far as he's concerned, anything goes.

"I'll even go to work and help out with everything, if I can only meet the right guy for me. Now I think that's really bending over backward for someone."


I, WARLOCK
by
Edw. D. Wood, Jr.

Some of us do . . .

Then again, some of us don't . . .

. . . ride around on broomsticks.

That is left to the individual warlock.

It's not our standard way of travel. More-so, we use the time-developed mind over matter. Should we wish to be at any given destination we have only to form a thought pattern and the goal is reached effortlessly.

Thus the real power of the warlocks and witches. . . .

The mind.

There is no force more powerful than that written in brimstone by the Prince of Darkness which has been passed on for eons to his devoted followers . . . a conclave which must always be expanded with new recruits to accomplish the ever increasing demands of the Ruler.

With the coming of each night—each rotation of the earth—the warlock moves about freely . . . capturing anyone . . . be they asleep or be they awake.

No mortal soul is safe . . .

. . . immune to a warlock's demand, to a warlock's strange *lust*.

The wolfbane . . . the garlic . . . the cross of the sainted cannot compete with the fluids produced by the poison sac of the serpent . . . the wings of the vampire bat . . . the moss from the base of the hemlock . . . the screaming mandrake root . . . brought to a rapid boil in a cauldron heated over sulfur flames, with stiffling, sense-reeling fumes of

disaster.

One sip, one inhalation and the weak flesh has an equally weak spirit . . . willing to carry out all foreboding ebony demands.

Tell me a story of devils and warlocks and witches brew, and I'll tell you a story of graveyards and gravestones and their crowns of creeping vines . . . of disfigurement and of lust and strange apparitions which thrive on the night.

When at the full of the moon the curious sight beheld is that of dark shapes gliding from blackness to blackness . . . falling from cloud to cloud, then rising again to take the shapes of unreasoning energy . . . when ghosts are said to walk among the cemetery stones and the wind becomes a screaching demand for attention. . . .

Beware . . .

Take care . . .

The warlocks and witches are sure to be there. . . .

Step on a crack and break your mother's back. . . .

Stomp a toad and make fall your abode. . . .

The warlock's curse rides high . . .

. . . ever seeking the . . .

. . . unsuspecting . . . the young boys all juicy and ripe . . . ripe fruit ready for the plucking. . . .

Ah, the young boys!

An ancient house may encompass the supernatural, for the ancient tomb is little more than a structure . . . both dominions of time and decay.

Where the skeleton of man becomes brittle and falls into the earth . . . so does the rafters and supports . . . the walls and the floors . . . the skeleton of a house.

It is only at the last seconds of such decay that the warlock leaves his captive existence behind and progresses to new fields of endeavor. But at the same instant the warlock releases the mortal soul . . . that soul emerges as a new warlock who also must seek a new body . . . a new structure . . . a new house.

One becomes two . . .

Two becomes four . . .

Four then to eight . . .

A warlock is born of darkness into darkness, an element he will never leave throughout all eternity. The darkness is his strength . . . the means of his being. In the darkness he finds the easy salability of his teachings. In the darkness he finds his pupils. Sins and corruption are his basic law. Love and respect is his topic of hatred and rejection.

Sex—strange and deviant sex—is his motivation!

Come with me into the caves of dispair and you will find a way of time never before fathomed.

Come with me, on your knees, to Lucifer and his forked tail, laid upon your head. Bow low your human lips, close to his forward-straining groin. Taste the pleasures he has to offer, and he will take all the blessings of the mortal from your soul.

There is nothing too dastardly to conceive.

A game of life and death takes on new, fuller dimensions.

Sign your pact with the devil and see the rays of light no more. Have the blackness envelope you and the restful night will become a torment of unbelievable pain. But then there is such a fine line of definition between pain and pleasure.

I am a warlock . . .

. . . and I understand. . . .

I understand those urges which even the grave cannot diminish.

I know from what the supernatural gains with each who venture into its realm.

Once within the inner-circle there is no returning.

But then . . . what is there to return for?

The soul?

What is the soul?

Who is there among the living who has seen it?

Does such a thing as the soul exist?

One must ask those questionsof one's self, then realize what the questions and the answers mean. But it is for each to ask of one's self . . . and the answers will never be the same.

But, if there *is* one, what of the soul?

It has been entrapped from the very start . . . a something which might never have existed . . . a sightless ectoplasm . . . only fostered by the superstitious who must find some mystic reason for life itself.

But why not give up something one doesn't own in the first place . . . what one doesn't see anyway? Why not once more become the mass of clay the mortal has been from the start and most certainly shall return to . . . ?

Little sense is made when the body is covered in a thankless grave and takes the soul with it.

The warlock gathers up the soul and releases it to the dark places before it can be entrapped in a stench of worms and maggots and other grave-visiting interlopers.

Watch the full moon for the figure gliding there and do not reject those first impulses.

The moon is always the first indication of a visitation. The light suddenly dims and thick cloud masses gather in force. But it is not until the moon glow is once more full that the spectre can be seen . . . gliding . . . riding . . . first one way than another . . . constantly gliding . . . constantly riding . . . a constantly changing pattern of intrigue . . . to some terror.

It need not be so!

Alarm is for the little informed!

Terror is for the least informed!

Horror is for the purely ignorant!

Intrigue is for the open-minded!

Those with an open mind will find revelations

. . . little before conceived entities into the unknown. . . . But pleasures beyond comprehension of mortals.

The pleasure of lust!

Boy-lust!

Why should mortals fear the unknown? Fear is to be expected but not always to be rejected.

Ever-lasting immortality is forever slipping through the caldron scent. Inhale deeply, ever so deeply when the vapors wind their wicked ways into your lungs, your senses. Avoid not the reeling, the dizziness which threatens to force your mind into new channels. . . .

It is the warlocks calling!

The signs, the excitement, the stirring in your vitals tells you have been elected . . .

. . . a pupil of Satan . . .

. . . a pupil of Satan's boy-lust. . . .

A pupil of time's everlasting devices of intrigue and horrifying raptures.

Be no shivering freak. . . .

Stand naked, tall and straight. . . .

Face the elements unabashed . . . legs astride . . . muscles hard, firm, tense and alive . . . the sperm of life ready for release . . . to be gobbled up with a demon's delight . . . first a show of strength, then of emotion, then of excited orgasm, then to stand naked and spent with organ bent. The ectoplasmic soul has been captured anew and will be restored anew . . . a fresh spirit for the everlasting . . . a renewed vitality for the warlock . . . a progression of his black heart . . . a propagation of the warlock race.

The warlock must have the spillings of youth in order to exist. Time proven history has found the warlock lurking behind all great events. He is there to pick up the fallen, and to lower those who refuse to kneel.

His ways are those of perfection. The chosen cannot turn away from his steel-like glare. The warlock is their only refuge.

Cancel not your fears when the warlock is near . . . for fright is the milestone to happenings beyond mortal realization. Capture it with all your might . . . look deep into the ebony eyes and see the spectre which exists there.

Decide . . .

Decide at that point . . .

Decide for your own insanity . . .

But relate that decision not to a friend . . . a friend will become an enemy . . . an enemy who, through rejection, may never be a brother of evil.

Shout only to the figure which turns the moon to darkness. Tell the heroes of righteousness that hell hath scorned no spirit who enters beyond the doors of life. Tell such beings to expect the unexpected and rejoice in a new adventure. . . .

Time only exists for mortals. Time ceases to exist during infinity.

Would it not be better, for all purposes, if there was no such confinement as time?

Believe in such thoughts long and well . . .

Believe in them thoroughly . . .

Then you are believing in the will of the warlock and his master. . . .

His only master. . . .

Only a backdrop are the entanglements of creeping vines and lonely woods and deserted graveyards.

It is in such places the first signs of horror, of terror are invented. . . .

Never are they found on the busy streets and thoroughfares. . . or in the bustling offices or at the joyful parties . . . these are never thought of as a breeding place for the searching warlock. . . .

But . . .

The goblins will get you if you don't watch out. . . .

Not with the warlock's protection . . .

. . . for once the warlock has you singled out, no other soul-releasing agency can intervene. Upon acceptance, few would attempt seeking out other intervention.

Degeneracy runs rampant!

Call down the degenerates!

Bring out the tears and the sorrows of dispair!

Hold back the dawn and continue the blackness of the night! Make the shadows hide all the evil! For *evil* in reverse is *live*, and to *live* is *evil*.

And the *devil* reversed is *lived*. To have *lived* is to have *deviled*.

Demand your soul to travel into hell. . .

And it will be done. . . .

No self-disrespecting warlock would have it any other way.

Hell never attempts . . .

Hell searches out and attains . . .

Demand of that thing you know as the soul to venture deeper and deeper into the heart of the master.

Hell will not be denied . . .

Where then are those who would foolishly, impossibly deny such a command? Such dimmed spirits only abide long enough to suffer the pains and anguish of a lost soul . . .

. . . soon they realize . . .

. . . lest they suffer even more in the arresting conclaves of the grave from which not even the soul may escape. . . .

Choose now or forever . . .

. . . forever reckon with those inevitable creatures of the cemetery . . .

The warlock is ever present . . .

The warlock is ever searching . . .

The warlock is nowhere . . .

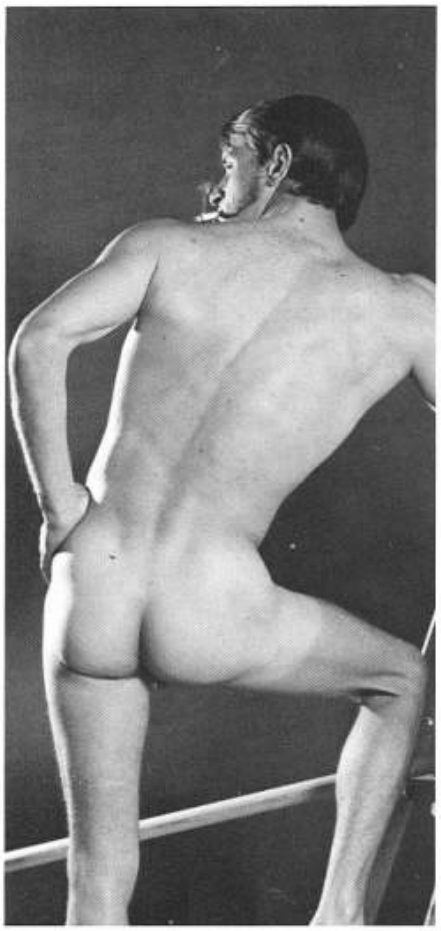
Yet the warlock is everywhere . . .

And the warlock—the boy-lust-crazed warlock—

"I am eternally gathering up your soul!" •••

hard tack harry

Hardtack Harry is a carpenter's mate. He hasn't graduated to the full classification of carpenter as yet but given a little more time and he will have earned that distinction. After all he's only been in the business professionally for the past three years and has held his union card for a little over a year. Apprenticeships sometimes take considerable work and concentration. That all takes time.



But he never works more than an eight hour day, and when the business is a little rough he might only work a couple of days a week. This leaves him plenty of time for outside activities of which are the very point of existence in his life.

He doesn't like the more feminine of the *GAY* crowd which he has come in contact with in the bars where he spends much of his time. What he actually wants is a really rough, tough he-man like himself. Object—taking a room or an apartment together and sharing the rent *AND OTHER THINGS* together. He feels that this kind of companionship would be ideal for a guy like himself who works his shift at odd hours . . . sometimes in the day and sometimes in the evening or night.

He will not have anything demanded of him and in this he is extremely strong of mind. But he is quite willing to share and share alike. If things are done with respect he will give in quite readily. But that's the kind of guy he is.

STRIP POKER CARDS!!

54 REALLY WILD ONES!

a deck of full-size plastic-coated playing cards only $9.95 per deck

Limited Offer at this special price!

Real, authentic playing cards—except this deck is *really* stacked! 54 swinging couples show you every thing they've got—in glossy full color. Nothing is censored. Nothing is hidden. Get these cards—and you'll find your buddies lining up to play with you. Only problem is, how will you keep your mind on the game?

ORDER TODAY!

CAL-MAIL

P.O. BOX 8417/LOS ANGELES, CALIF./90008

DECLARATION

I, the undersigned, DECLARE as follows:

1. I am an adult, being___years of age. (You must fill in the blank space in your own handwriting.)
2. I desire to receive by mail sexually oriented advertisements, and to purchase through the mails sexually explicit material, which material has educational value for me.
3. I understand that you are offering sexually oriented material to a specific and limited class of persons, namely, those adults who, like me, believe that such material has educational value.
4. I desire said material to satisfy my own private emotional and intellectual interests. I will not sell or exhibit such material to others.
5. I authorize you to mail me sexually oriented advertisements, unless and until you hear from me to the contrary, in writing, by registered mail.
6. I represent that I have not asked the Post Office Department, or anyone else, for "protection" against receipt of "sexually oriented advertisements". I agree to notify you in writing immediately to remove my name from your mailing list if I do, in the future, request the Post Office Department, or anyone else, for such protection.

SIGNED_____ AGE___ DATED_____
(your own handwriting)

ACCT. NO._____

Please send the number of decks I have indicated:_____

I ENCLOSE $_____ IN ☐ CASH ☐ CHECK ☐ MONEY ORDER

☐ **C.O.D. (ENCLOSE $3.00 CASH TO COVER POSTAGE)** NO C.O.D.s OUTSIDE THE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____

STATE_____ ZIP_____

I am_____years of age. (Note: this blank must be fully completed before order can be filled.) California residents add 5% sales tax.

married & in love.....

Paul and Gene are the first we have come across who actually claim to be married. This does not mean the usual common-law type of marriage where two people live together and claim to be married. They are actually married and have a marriage license to prove that it's all legal. There are states which permit marriages between the same sexes in certain cases. But they did the thing in a state where no such permission is in existence.

They simply wanted to get married and that's what they did. Paul became the *husband* in the affair and Gene the *wife* or the *passive* one. Although Gene is not a *drag queen, he arrived in the small town wearing a pink sweater set and light brown skirt and a dark, shoulder length wig which matched his own hair.* And Paul, the *anxious husband,* wore his light brown business suit and brown tie. They searched out a Justice of the Peace, paid the license and went through with the ceremony. Gene used a feigned falsetto voice which sounded a bit strained but he was able to talk that off as a hang over from a recent cold. He made up as a good looking girl so there was no denying what the eyes could see.

It was simple to change the "G" to "J" so that he became Jean for the entrance into the village, the marriage and the exit to an edge of the town where they took a honeymoon motel cottage and there **Jean** became **Gene** again. Neither one of them like anything on their bodies when they are having an affair. It's all a very naked, very real happening.

Psychologically they feel much better off now that the whole thing is legal. For the year they spent together previous to the wedding, they felt they were doing something wrong. Both felt they were a little like being whores. They kept it all so secret, except from a few close friends who attempted at all times to inform them they should not feel badly about doing what came naturally to them.

But all the talking in the world

didn't do for them what that three dollar marriage license and five dollar preacher fee did. It was like a new life had been turned on for them. They didn't have to hide behind their own fears any longer. They could bring it right out in the open and tell the world so to speak. Of course they weren't going to shout it from the roof tops. After all most of the population still frowns upon their kind of life.

And they both did have jobs which they had to keep if they expected to meet the rent payments and keep on eating the way they had been.

Most of the *GAY* crowd don't stay together very long with any one partner because they are a fickle bunch. They are always on the look out for some new trade. But that isn't and hasn't been the intentions of Paul and Gene from the very first when they met at a *GAY* gathering in one of the local taverns. Both being short of money they were always on the look out for bars which had

cocktail hours in which they served hors d' oeuvres or other free foods. In that way they could buy a beer or two and partake of the free meal. Most of the *GAY BARS* have such offerings quite often and each one attempts out doing the other in order to get the trade.

However that's the way these two met and it was love at first sight. They made their arrangements and Gene moved in with his new lover Paul. And from that time on, because they shared in everything, especially the costs it found them both ending up the week with money in their pockets which they could spend on having some fun instead of everything going out on the necessities. That, of course, was partly responsible for the start of their love affair. Because they were together. they were never broke again.

Legally or not in the eyes of the law . . . in their eyes Paul and Gene are happily married and very much in love.

MASTERFUL

masterful

masterful

Whips, chains, belts wrist and hand stocks, you name it from the torture line and if the words are said, or even printed with in the hearing or seeing distance of two characters named Rob and Clay and they will be turned on to a point where there will be no turning back until they have produced an affair.

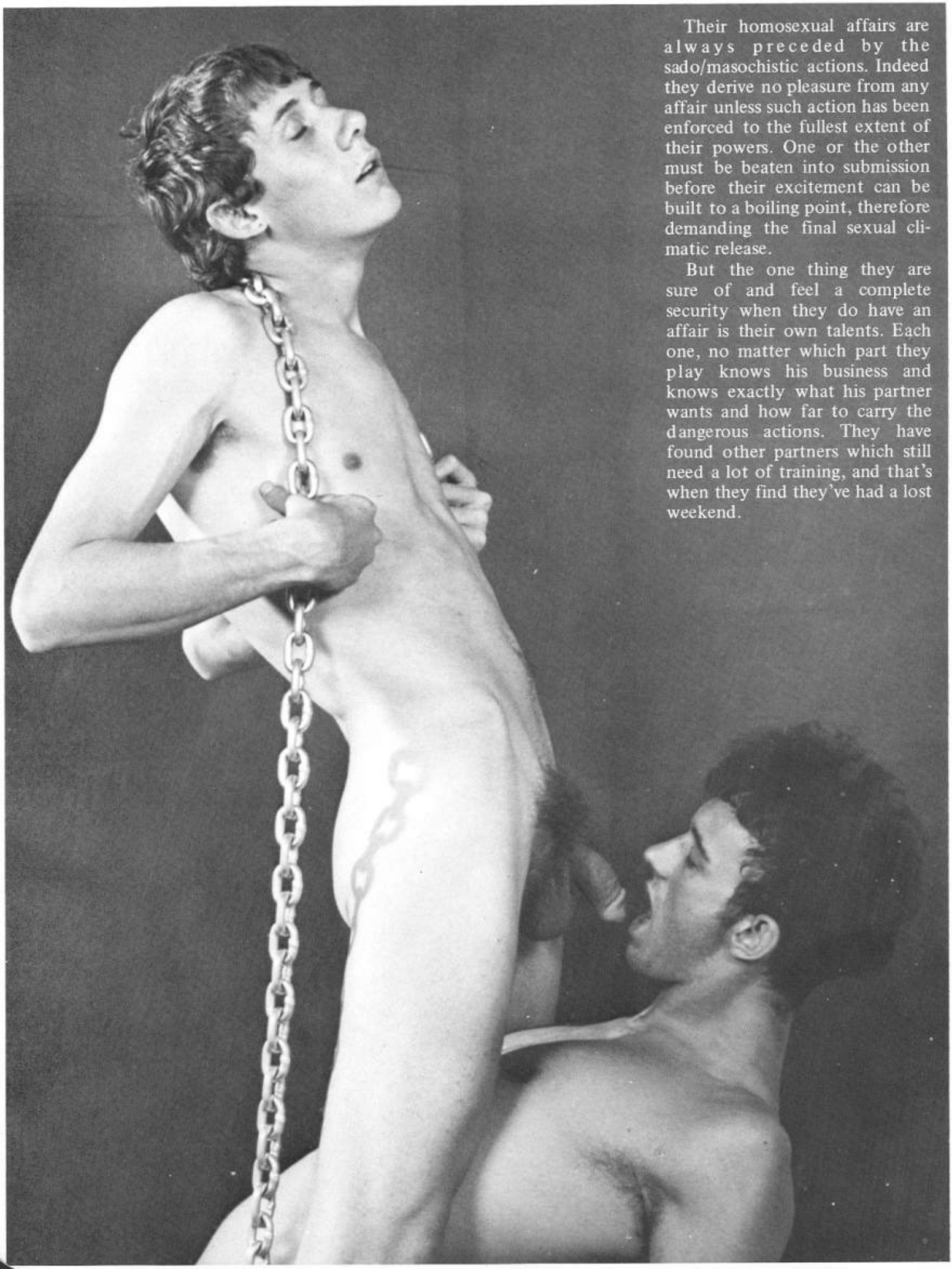
Rob and Clay are confirmed sado/masochists and on top of that . . . homosexuals. Their whole scheme of things, however, is that they both enjoy being the masochist at times and the sadist at other times. Perhaps this makes for their continued relationship. Although they are not sworn lovers they have at a great many times had sessions between themselves. But they are the kind who double date with others when it comes to a Friday night or a Saturday night get together. Both are members of the Marquis Sadist/Masochist Club, the club where they first met a few months ago.

Each had been members of other clubs for several past years, but nothing really satisfied them until their present membership in the Marquis. That's really where the hard-core aggressors and passive members group. They are much tougher on the individual than any of the others. As for the masochist, he is really put down like no one could believe until it has been witnessed in person. The club is expensive but there is not a member who would trade places with a member of any other.

Naturally with these two being room mates (apartment) they don't have to neglect their fun

by waiting until the weekend They have their own implement of torture right there in th apartment, so they can turn eac other on anytime they wish Presently Rob is out of work s he spends much of his time i hunting through the old second hand and antique shops ever i hopes of finding some torture de vice from a bygone age. They have come across a few like the stocks from Salam and the witch hunting days. This is a pure de light for Clay.

Then too they have a whip which has been reported to have been the private property of a guard in the Tower of London when they were still chopping heads off in that country. There is no reason to disbelieve the statements. And the brown spots so dyed into the leather already has been examined and proven to be human blood shed there centuries ago.



Their homosexual affairs are always preceded by the sado/masochistic actions. Indeed they derive no pleasure from any affair unless such action has been enforced to the fullest extent of their powers. One or the other must be beaten into submission before their excitement can be built to a boiling point, therefore demanding the final sexual climatic release.

But the one thing they are sure of and feel a complete security when they do have an affair is their own talents. Each one, no matter which part they play knows his business and knows exactly what his partner wants and how far to carry the dangerous actions. They have found other partners which still need a lot of training, and that's when they find they've had a lost weekend.

"I'LL MAKE YOU AN OFFER YOU CAN'T REFUSE!"

"HOT" ADULT MAGAZINES AT A STEAL!

Big savings on the most popular erotic publications from Gallery Press. Sensuous females; hot-blooded couples; turned-on groups; lesbian women! The more you buy the more you'll save! Just circle your choices and send in the coupon, below.

Gallery Press P.O. Box 35163
LOS ANGELES, CALIF. 90019

Gentlemen:
Enclosed find $*_____ (Cash, Check or M.O.) for magazine titles circled. (All checks will await bank clearance.)
NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE CONTINENTAL UNITED STATES.

I, THE UNDERSIGNED, DECLARE AS FOLLOWS:
1. I am an adult, 21 years of age, or older.
2. I believe that an adult person has the right to buy and read, in the privacy of his home, publications dealing intimately with sexual relations and nudity, which I consider to be private matters.
3. I understand that I have the right, as a law-abiding citizen, to receive for my own private use any material of interest to me. I desire to exercise this right and agree not to resell any material I receive to minors.
4. I am not a law enforcement official, postal inspector or member of any censorship group.
5. In applying for membership, I affirm that I desire to receive brochures from you advising me of the material available for purchase.
6. I have not placed my name on any list kept by the U.S. Postal Service of persons who do not wish to receive "sexually oriented" advertisements. You are authorized to send me such advertisements in the future. If at any time, I desire *not* to continue to receive such advertisements, *I promise* to notify the sender immediately, in writing.

CIRCLE CHOICES BELOW:
EACH $4.00
TWO for $7.50
FOUR for $14.00
SIX for $21.00
EIGHT for $28.00

WE RESERVE THE RIGHT TO SUBSTITUTE IF WE ARE OUT OF ORDERED STOCK.

SINGLE GIRLS
BODY *1/1, 3/1*
FANTASY *2/3*
GALLERY *3/2, 4/1*
GODDESS *3/2*
TITTIES *3/1*

LESBIAN LOVERS
BI *2/1*
BISEX *2/1*
GEMINI *4/1*
LESBIAN CASE HISTORIES *2/2*
LESBIAN LIFE *3/4*

GUYS & GIRLS
BALLING *3/3, 4/1*
COUPLES *3/3, 4/1*
FANTASTIC *3/2, 4/1*
LOVERS *4/1*
PASSION *3/3, 3/4*

GROUPS, S/M, ETC.
GROUP CASE HISTORIES *2/3, 3/1*
PARTY TIME *4/1*
SAVAGE *3/2*
WOMAN'S WORLD *3/3, 4/1*

PLEASE PRINT CLEARLY AND CORRECTLY:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

SIGNATURE _____ DATE _____ YOUR BIRTH DATE _____

*ADD 10% OF TOTAL ORDER FOR HANDLING & SHIPPING; 15% FOREIGN & CANADA; 20% OF TOTAL ORDER IF AIRMAIL.